Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

INTEMPERANCE.

"Are there the joys of life," he wildly cried,
"Am these the pleasures man enjoys below?
The Syren voice that said to injoy, lied,
It said'd me not to happiness—but woe."
PERCIVAL.

Beware! beware rash youth!
Take not the chalice in thy trembling hand—
Renounce it while thy reason can command
The light of truth.
Misery is lurking there—
The sparkling drops will turn to waves o' woe,
That o'er thy soul in agony will flow,
And drive thee to despair.

Think not that thou may'st leave
The useless of that tyrant, when thou will,
No—round thy soul a barrier he'll weave
To all—but guilt.
Thy taunt of tender sensibility,
Will soon be chang'd to stone,
And the bright fire of that you idol eye,
Flash to despair alone.

I knew a youth, whose lofty, ardent mind,
Could scorn the common place of earth, and mount
To Fancy's regions bright, and unconfin'd,
And draw pure treasures from her chrystal fount.

Of have I heard his lyre—
Sweetly it sounded from a lard so young—
And mark'd his dark bright eye,
Flashing with intellectual fire,
While at thy bright robe, Celestial Poesy!
In graceful lessons round the favorite hung,
Each day how gentle stamp'd on every line;
Yes—Sacred Muse! the lord, the lyre, was thine.

But has proud aspirations all were lost,
To centre in one form of earthly mould;
Yet her he lov'd, o'en fancy's region—in gilt
With all the beautiful—could not unfold
A form more lovely, or a face more fair.

But 'neath that angel face
That form of more than earthly grace,
There beat a heart of pride, that drove him to despair.
At first she gave him hope,
By smiles so soft and bland
As the tortuated serpent of fairy land;
And youthful fancy's bright Kaleidoscope,
Painting'd such scenes of happiness,
That Peraan to him, were less
Than the faintest glow that beam'd a name,
Compar'd with Sol's bright eye of flame.
She strove to lead him in her thrall,
Then treated him with scorn;
Oh! that a form so beautiful,
Should such a wretch adorn.

He lov'd—as genius only can—too well!
That heart, all sensibility,
Sunk 'neath the proud Coquette's decree,
And to the despair of eve'ry unhappy Poet fell.

False pleasure's guided doate,
Too soon it decked his mind, & gave the prize
Of honest, and of more lasting joys,
Than e'er the boon can be
Of unreal, but of more intense pain.
There garner'd up, from many a pendent a time.
The Chalice quench'd the bright light of his eye,
Which gent had beam'd with inspiration's fire,
The mantling wine o'ercast it misery,
And now it glow'd, as might a lunatic's ire,
While madness rav'd but in time, o'er reason's funeral pyre.

Again I saw him, but in death he lay;
Yes—his wreck hand had rashly dar'd to sever
The chords, that bound his soul to earth—to stay
His body, and his soul, alas! forever.

Youth! ponder on this tale, Sloan, oh! shun,
The path of vice. For pleasure's syren song!
Touch not the wine cup, for its wave will run
In mad'ning torrents, o'er the reason strong,
Bearing along in its o'erpowering sweep,
Thy all of bliss, to hell downtown to deep.

Philadelphia, October, 1837. J. P. S.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WORKS OF FICTION

At a period when the press teems with almost innumerable works of fiction, and while the inexperienced are consequently exposed to injury, a few reflections on the subject will not be deemed irrelevant. The most captivating department of literature embraces fictitious histories, whether in prose or poetry, which usually appear to administer pleasure in proportion as they are removed from the common occurrences of life. A love of the wonderful, and a delight in great and imposing events, is a natural property of the mind and of man in his primitive instances. It has therefore become matter of regret, that the most valuable works known to the literature of our language, should be abandoned by the mass of readers. Without the pale of schools and colleges the books found in the hands of the young, are with few exceptions those, which contain the narrative of feigned incidents and unreal scenery.

The desire may be perfectly natural, is it proper to abandon the lofty flights to which imagination invites, and forego the pleasure inspired by its glowing imagery? There is not certainly, any thing excusable in the use of fiction for a moral purpose, when restrained within rational limits. But it will be granted, that there are many productions of an irregular character, whose effects on susceptible dispositions have been deplorable. It is not denied that tales, and even larger works, may be composed, as to blend instruction with amusement, and interest the fancy while they instruct the understanding. However rare this combination may be, there are instances in which it has been happily effected.

Unfortunately, however, there are others, of a very different complexion, for passing over some few for even a transient notice, it may be asserted that those of a superior order, assume a standard of morality far inferior to the precepts of the ancient pagan world. Virtue is frequently represented as oppressed by an accumulation of misery, and as the object of contempt, when the licentious and the vicious, exempt from the punishment due to their crimes are made the subjects of praise, and the objects of imitation. He who shall study to so corrupt school, will be much disposed to cherish a romantic habit of thought, injurious to his future peace, and destructive of his present happiness. The energies of the mind are withdrawn from the pursuits, which are of absolute necessity to the welfare of mankind in their present condition. The more serious avocations of life are interrupted for the purpose of weeping over a tale of imaginary distress. The touching tones of pathos in influence without the pain of toil, but reasoning faculties cannot be successfully exercised without vigorous application, and unremitted labour. If the literature essential in order to attain eminence in the higher walks of intellect, to restrict all irregular flights of fancy, the eagerness with which mankind have indulged their inclination for miraculous or imaginary events, notwithstanding its perversion, is evidence of the strength of that passion which shall rend the veil of futurity. The wild Arab of the shades of evening begin to fall, collects his roaming tribe around the friendly fire, and with the story of some visionary cheetan relies the night of its tedious gloom. With ardent expectation they look upon the object of terror or grandeur and beauty, never to be found on the arid sands of the desert. By the magic power of fancy the wildness is made to smile, and flowers of perennial bloom exhale their fragrance on the air. Thus combining together circumstances the most dissimilar, and describing events the most improbable, the false children of the desert employ the whole of their genius to fruitless labour, or glory and mirth. The labour of fatiguing watching, the dangers of depredatory excursions are forgotten in the rapturous joy inspired by the recital of an imaginary world.

The passions of the people are thus excited to wild and glowing descriptions, and the regular industrious mode of life pursued by more civilized nations, comes to be regarded as unworthy of attention. Those empires, which in former times were the fountains where flowed the streams of knowledge, have now sunk into ruin, and there can be little doubt their declension is the consequence of that voluptuousness, which is produced by an undue cultivation of imagination. How far scenic representation, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts generally, may be accessory to the work of destruction, the pages of history but too mournfull record.

The literature of nations in the uncivilized state, is particularly distinguished by the superficial agents, through whom it is principally conveyed, and without whose aid some of the productions of antiquity could not have been formed. The minds and passions of men were actuated by impressions made on them by a continual attention to objects, remote from the ordinary range of human comprehension. Hence it is that literature of not only the eastern nations, but that of Europe in the middle ages has the same general features. The spirit of chivalry signified the rude nature of our ancestors, and introduced a tone of feeling, the effects of which are still observed.

There soon succeeded a new description of literature, which obtained no inconsiderable popular applause, and in our opinion not without reason. The new race of authors instead of dwelling on ideal topics came at once to the customary transactions of human life, and scrupulously rejected every thing which seemed to imply a spiritual agency. There were indeed others, who continued to imitate the luxuriant, and fanciful descriptions of their predecessors, but the spirit of the age was plainly opposed to the tremendous mechanism hitherto employed. It would, indeed, be injustice not to admit that there were in the preceding centuries authors, who to a profound knowledge of the human heart added a purity of moral feeling which gives them a title to the gratitude of mankind.

There is unquestionably high authority for the use of fiction, as a mean of conveying moral instruction in a cogent and impressive manner. Truths which if openly communicated would excite animosity, and prompt to revenge may be very properly divulged under the veil of allegory. The conduct of the prophet Nathan towards the monarch of Israel is a case in point, which was well suited to the great failing of men, who always perceive the faults of others rather than their own. The powerful application afterwards made by the prophet, had a greater, and more beneficial effect on the mind of David, than the most eloquent expostulation.

Histories which exhibit a faithful transcript of what human existence really is, or which describe actual transactions, though some minor points are feigned, are productive of great benefit. Several much admired pieces of ancient history are conceded to be fictitious, and yet they are valuable as preserving to us a knowledge of the manners and customs of those distant ages. There are also many of more modern origin, which describe the habits and pursuits of the age with an accuracy, that renders them the medium of imparting much useful information.

But what is the character of that morality which is now taught under the guise of fiction, and what have been its effects on society? The glowing language in which the sentiments and descriptions are narrated, inspires a disgust for the homely occupations of the world, and instils into the mind a contempt for enjoyments in themselves of easy attainment. Wealth and power rise up as objects unnecessarily for the benefit of a favoured few, while at the same time the sufferings of multitudes are regarded as a matter of small account. The influence of the imagination, in its improper exercise, on the health of the body is greater than is commonly supposed, a main cause of which is, the preternatural excitement it produces. The hours which nature in her kindness has appropriated for the refreshment of gentle slumber, are devoted to the indulgence of a depraved appetite. To nights such as these, there succeeds a day of gloom and melancholy depression, the necessary consequence of previous exhaustion. All delicacy of feeling and refinement of tenderness is obliterated, or in a sickly sensibility induced, which unfits us for all efficient exertion in the cause of real distress.

But it is said that the disposition for reading is a useful one, and therefore ought to be encouraged; but does not the kind of literature make of, tend to enervate the faculties, and destroy the judgment, among the bad habits produced by the practice of light reading when carried beyond certain limits, none is worse than the wavering and unsettled disposition of mind it encourages. The acquisition of a fund of useful information is not denied, the object aimed at is to beguile the slowly passing tedious hours, that so heavily oppress the idle. Books of a serious character are rejected to give place to lighter productions, abounding in entertainment, but incapable of administering satisfactory instruction. A perpetual influx of new fictions maintains an appetite for novelty or some kind, and the attention is directed rather to what is new, than to what is valuable and excellent.

Let us however be understood, we have no intention of advising an absolute rejection of all works of fiction, but while the pleasure is enjoyed, it were well to remember the poison with which it is accompanied. There is a wide difference between the abuse of any amusement, and its rational use; it is right and perfectly consistent with the constitution of our nature, to search for wisdom in the most pleasant places. What we particularly wish to hold up, is the necessity of making a discrimination, and while what is good shall be retained, to mark with a distinct approbation what is bad. More especially should those works be rejected, whose pages are sullied by a degrading profanity, alike offensive to good manners, pure taste, and sound morals.

Boston.

THE MUFFLED PRIEST

The aisles of the chapel, lately thronged with many worshippers, were silent. The sounds of prayer which had echoed through the groined roof were hushed. The assembly which had knelt in solemn, but emotion reverence had disappeared; and the stone images—the sculptured forms of the saints—smiled grimly in the gloomy loneliness, as the chiselled features displayed themselves in the temple erected by superstitious wealth to his service.

But one individual remained, a long robe of sombre hue concealing his person, who leaned, as if in deep thought, against the pedestal, on which stood the deity. He was the deity.

A long shadow was cast on the floor and instantly afterward a tall gaunt figure appeared at the door. A mantle of spotless white overhung his shoulders, scarcely concealing his broad and ample chest. The erectness of his carriage the dignity of his attitude, the fire of his eye, the boldness of his step, and the proud curl upon his lip, proclaimed him to be a man of rank and authority.

The multitudinous houses of the gay metropolis had subsided; the twilight had passed away, and the moon shone brightly in the cloudless firmament—'twas midnight.

Each pillar reared its graceful capital distinct in the silvery flood which illumined the earth, with nearly the brilliancy of sunshine, save where its rays were caught and reflected back by the pale marble, and there in tasteful intercalumniations, around the principal mansion of Aegestius.

One object only gave animation to the scene, and even he appeared scarcely living far in the darkness of a deep shadow, he stood, as if transfixed, and made no motion; save now and then the hand, which was laid upon his brase, would contract, as if with some action.

Another figure sailed to the scene—she glides on tiptoe, and rapidly flies to meet the youth; she throws herself into his arms—his lips meet hers—the sudden transport of delight—the impassioned embrace declares them to be lovers.

Stealing noiselessly into the deeper shade of an opposite wall, they are concealed from every eye, save that of Him, who cannot look upon such love, so pure, so fervid, so disinterested but with pity.

'Agricola, love,' whispered the maid, 'have I ungered too long from thee? thou will forgive me, it was to avoid detection that I tarried.'

The youth seized her tapering fingers in his own, and caressed them to his bosom.

'My love,' he cried, pressing her hands to his lips, and bathing them in the sea of agony, which was rushing from his eyes, 'No, alas, then, hadst not lingered long enough; would that thou hadst never came!'

'Say not so, Agricola. Wherefore dost thou weep thus?' she inquired, soothingly.

'Because,' he replied, 'this is the last time that we meet, Sylvia, and may I not consecrate it by a tear, as one of commemorance of sorrow.

'The last, Agricola!' sobbed the tender girl.—'Oh, cause it not, we never will part again.'

'Alas! what wouldst thou?'

'Live with thee; die with thee; Sylvia would be thy wife.'

'No, no,' exclaimed the youth, as a pang of grief rushed through his soul, 'no, Sylvia, it may not be!'

'Turn,' said she reprovingly, 'thou dost not love me, or thou wouldst not cast me off.'

'Love you!' cried he, 'it is that I love well, too well, for my peace, but I must forget you.'

'Alas! it is that I love too deeply.'

'No,' cried the girl, 'no, Agricola, didst thou love like me—like me, alone! thou wouldst cast aside these fears.'

'Fears!' repeated the youth, dropping his hand, and flashing a fire from his eye, which illuminated the space about them, 'fears, Sylvia! thou dost not know me, to me fear is a stranger. 'Tis not that which influences me, but recollect, girl—Agricola is a slave!'

The momentary sternness which he had assumed, did not, however, dampen the ardour of the girl—it seemed to render him still dearer to her. She placed her fragile arm about his manly neck, and in a tone of gentle reproach. 'Rebuke me not my love,' she said, 'thou knowest Agricola is a slave, Sylvia, would share his bondage with him. Her love should make his slavery sweeter far than freedom.

'Desist, I pray thee,' responded the youth, encircling her waist with his arm, with respectful tenderness, and softening his tone, 'remember your father is a Roman!'

'I know it well,' she answered, eagerly, 'yet still I love thee.'

'I know it, Sylvia; alas, too well, but were I to wed thee, it would draw his indignation on us both. For myself I care not; but for thee—the gods know, sooner would I give my head to the executioner, than those bright eyes should lower before the frown of an angry father. Sylvia, it must not be; and clasping his hands in agony, he added, let me remain a slave, though I love the worthy daughter of a Roman.'

'Cruel as thou art I still will love thee,' she whispered through his ears; 'none but thee I live or care for. My father's wrath I heed not, so that I possess thee; I care—'

'Hush!' said her lover, as he carefully leaned toward the spot they had just quitted, 'when last we met I heard a noise, like that which just arose upon mine ear—Sylvia, away!'

'Never,' cried the girl, filled with love's desperations, and clinging more closely to him, 'never, till thou'st promised. I will die with thee. Agricola, but will not lose thee!'

A faint noise resembling a foot-fall, broke on the silence. As Agricola strove to disengage himself from the virgin, who twined her arms wildly about his neck.

'Begone, Sylvia, I beseech.'

'Till you promise, never!' was articulated, nearly choked with emotion.

Again the noise was heard—if they were discovered ruin would befall the idol of his heart, and he be degraded by the lash. A moment more; it would be too late; he put his lips to her ear—

'I promise.'

In the next instant the light form of the maid was among the columns, and he, her, looking hastily about saw the shadow, evidently of a man, cast on the pavement near her. It was Aegestius; was the disappearance that of Sylvia reached ere he was fully aware of the reality. He trembled and placed his ear on the stones, but all was silent—save the short beatings of his heart.

The immoveable figures of the pagan idol were dimly visible in the looking day, that stole through the portico of his temple, while equally inflexible the priest sat at its feet, his face hid in the ample folds of his mantle, pleasing only the undefined outlines of a man.

As the gray haze of morning yielded to the strengthening dawn, the mantle with a deep frown settled on his brow, walked in and saluted the priest who rose to receive him.

'Why here, and so early!' demanded the latter. 'I could effect nothing in the short period since we parted yesterday.'

'Tis not for that I sought thee,' answered the visiter.

'Then why this visit?' returned the priest.

'For vengeance!'

'Thou shalt have it,' replied the priest, gathering his robe about him.

'Thou knowest not what I mean, felish priest.'

'Still thou shalt have vengeance,' and a dry cough, like a death rattle, sounded in the throat of the priest—it might have been a laugh.

'Silence,' said the senator, sternly ying his hand upon the altar, 'the new sole laws have deprived us of our innate right to punish our slaves with death—yet I have a slave mine!'

An involuntary shudder passed over the heathen priest, but he pulled his robe more closer about him, and the start passed unobserved. Arsenius continued.

'I have a niece, my brother's daughter. She lives with me, my adopted child. This slave has dared to love her. I could let that pass, inside the daughter of a freeborn son of Rome, forgiving her birth, returns his passion. I heard her swear it to him at the last midnight. That seals his doom, and the slave shall die! Were it not for suspicion resting on me might blight my brilliant hopes, that hand had done the deed; but I am untaught to tricks, I leave it to thee; thy trade is death; less, and thou canst lull suspicion. Thou hast my fee,' he said, casting a bag of gold upon the altar, 'my reward shall make thee rich!'

'Agricola,' muttered the priest, 'how calleth'st thou the slave?'

'Agricola,' said the other.

The sudden start and half word which escaped the priest, caught the other's attention.

'Why startest thou?' he demanded.

'I started!' answered the priest; recovering himself, and stretching forth an arm much withered and shrunken, 'because this hand was never dipped in blood.'

'A wise priest,' said the senator, scornfully, 'see thy object; well, be it so,' and he threw another purse upon the altar.

'Why much must be my low,' said the priest in a low tone—but, away! the people come to worship.'

The senator cast a searching glance on the mottled face of the priest, he drew his robe about him, and casting a disdainful look on the throng when now commencing kneeling about the image, left the chapel.

When the worshippers had concluded their devotions they retired, and soon the priest was left alone with one person who still knelt at the altar. The priest having carefully fastened the doors, he devotee rose, and, casting aside the gray mantle which disguised him, exhibited the fine formed Agricola the slave.

'Father,' said he, 'I crave thy blessings. Thou hast been ever kind to Agricola; but he is poor, and all that he can return he now presents to thee, the love that springs from his heart.'

'Rise, my son,' cried the priest, casting aside his mantle and embracing him, 'the love of the gods is the greatest treasure. But, my son, thou hast failed in confidence to me, and dangers beset thy path, ranged thicker than the piles of the Macedonian.'

Agricola blushed, and sank his head upon his breast.

'It is strange,' he replied, 'that I have not told the all—but now—'

'Mind it not now—I know all,' the youth glanced incredulously into his face, when the priest tasting his hand, continued 'yes, all—thou lovest thy master's adopted daughter, and she returns thy love.—Is it not so?'

'Alas! alas! too rightly hast thou said,' answered the young man despondingly.

'Say not alas!' cried the priest, his eyes brightening with delight, 'she shall be thy wife!'

'My wife!' repeated Agricola, retiring a few paces, regarding the other with astonishment, 'and I a slave?'

'Fear not! if thou wouldst be happy obey me—At midnight fly hither with thy bride, and I will unite them.'

'But, remember,' said the youth, tortured with many conflicting emotions, 'the populace will slay me if I but dost unite a slave to a freeborn girl!'

'Leave that to me. Obey my instructions. Now away! return at midnight.'

At the same hour as on the previous morning Arsenius repeated his visit, but the priest met him at the altar, and, as he was about to speak, said in a bolder tone than he had hitherto used.

'The deity has again spoken of thee!'

'Hast thou punished the slave?' demanded Arsenius eagerly.

'First listen I relate the words of the god I receive in so solemn a manner.

'Be speedy with thy fooleries!' said Arsenius, haughtily, 'I have weighty business today, and a few moments to spare.'

'Last night,' said the priest, 'the god spoke to his servant, and said, the friend Atticus, whom Aegestius exiled, yet lives! Start not, senator, of Rome—Atticus yet lives, and in disguise, has remained in Rome from pieces of thy business, and received tokens from Aegestius. He has learned, too, that before her death his wife was delivered of a child,—that child quits seize the infant, and dost bring him up as thy slave, that I can mightier fear thy loftiest face to seeing the son of thy rival ex with thy bondsman.'

'But I am exiled!' asked the auditor.

'I have,' answered the priest.

'Then know thy god or thou speakest false, for as a surety I know that Atticus is long since dead. Nor answer me, but thou'd sin the slave!'

'Forsooth thy self bids me falsely I have executed my commission,' said the priest, 'erase yonder veil and behold his body.'

The senator strode in the direction pointed out, and drawing aside the curtain, beheld Agricola with Sylvia in his arms. He recoiled at first, but in an instant exclaiming,

'Wretch thou hast deceived me!' unsheathed a jewelled dagger from beneath his robe, and bounding forward, when the priest caught his arm.

'Hold, murderer!' he cried, 'nor dare to shed a freeman's blood!'

'He is not free. He is my slave,' cried the senator, striving to free himself from the priest who held him with an iron grasp, whose fire exercised, the slave—he is my son.' Then casting aside his robe, he showed his veteran form in full senatorial costume, and his long gray mantle and embracing him,

Account of a man who submitted to be buried alive for a month, at Jausulmer, and was dug out alive at the expiration of that period.—The following extraordinary narrative by H. M. Tweddell, Esq., published in a recent No. of the India *Journal of Medical and Physical Science*, we consider worthy a place in our pages, though we are not aware of what degree of credit is to be attached to it.

"I have just witnessed a singular circumstance, of which I had heard during our stay at this place, but said nothing about it before, the time for its accomplishment not being completed: this morning, however, the full month was over, and a man who had been buried all that time, on the bank of a tank near our camp, was dug out alive, in the presence of *Enur Lal*, one of the Ministers of the Mharawul, of Jausulmer, on whose account this singular individual was voluntarily entered a month ago. He is a youngish man, about 30 years of age, but on entire village is within five kos of Kurnaul; but he generally travels about the country to Ajmeer, Kotah, Endor, &c. and allows himself to be buried for weeks or months, by any person who will pay him handsomely for the same. In the present instance the Rawul put this singular body in requisition, under the hope of obtaining an heir to his throne, and whether the remedy is efficacious or not, it certainly deserves to be known.

The man is said, by long practice, to have acquired the art of holding his breath by shutting the mouth, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with the tongue; he also abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be obliged to void by the contents of his stomach, while put up in his narrow grave; and moreover, he is sewn up in a bag of cloth, and the cell is lined with masonry, and floored with cloth, that the white ants and other insects may not molest, or be able to eat, him. The place in which he was buried, at Jaisulmer, is a small building, about 12 feet by 8 feet, built of stone; and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, two and a half feet wide, and the same depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in his shroud, with his feet turned inwards towards the stomach, and his hands also pointed inwards towards the chest. Two heavy slabs of stone, five or six feet long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, so that he could not escape, where then placed over him, and I believe a little earth was plastered over the whole, so as to make the surface of the grave smooth and compact. The door of the house was also built up, and people placed outside, that no tricks might be played, nor deception practised. At the expiration of a full month, that is to say, this morning, the walling up of the door was broken, and he buried man dug out of the grave. Trevelyan's moonsoobe only running there in time to see the ripping open of the bag in which the man had been inclosed. He was taken out in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless; his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together, that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument to pour a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered his senses, and the use of his limbs, and when he went to see him, was sitting up supported by two men, and conversed with us in a low, gentle tone of voice, saying, "that we might bury him again for a twelvemonth if we pleased." He told Major Spiers, at Ajmeer, of his journey, and was laughed at; however, Cornet Macnaghten put his abstinence to the test at Pokhur, by suspending him for thirteen days, shut up in a wooden chest, which, he says, is better than being buried under ground, because the box when opened can be refilled and open to inspection, on all sides, and the white ants, &c. can be easier prevented from getting at his body, while he thus remains in a state of insensibility. His powers of abstinence must be wonderful to enable him to do without food for so long a time, nor does his hair grow during the time he remains buried.

I really believe that there is no imposture in the case, and that the whole proceeding is actually conducted in the way mentioned above.

This letter was written by Lieut. A. H. Boileau, of the Engineers, first assistant Great Trigonometrical survey, who at that time was employed in the survey of that part of the country. The gentlemen, whose names are mentioned in the letter, are Capt. Trevelyan, of the Bombay Artillery, and Cornet, now Lieut. Macnaghten, of the 5th regiment light cavalry, assistant to the agent to the Governal-General in Rajpootanah.

Some other information I obtained in the course of conversation with Lieut. Boileau, and which I noted down. Lieut. Boileau was unacquainted with the man's name or caste; he believed that he had taken up the life of a fakeer; he understood that the man had been buried six or seven times, but whether for any period longer than a month he knew not; he did not hear how the man discovered his powers, or when he commenced to practice them.—Lieutenant Boileau arrived at Jaisulmer, after the interment, and saw the place, described in his letter, in which the man was buried. There was a guard of four or five Chuprasees, in the employ of the maharaw'al, as he understood, who were on the watch, to prevent any interference or imposition. The process of burying, and of disinterring was conducted in the presence of Enur Lall, one of the ministers of maharaw'al. The day fixed for the interment was known to Lieut. Boileau, but not the exact hour. Capt. Trevelyan's moonshee, who was deputed to give intelligence when operations were to be commenced, arrived only in time to see the people ripping open the cloth, or shroud, in which he had been inclosed. The moonshee immediately started off to a man to inform his master, and Lieut. Boileau, who were in their tents, at a distance of about three furlongs.

They waited a few seconds to apprise Lieut. Macadam, of the 14th regiment, N. 1. British Agent for the navigation of the Indus, who had declined to accompany them, and repaired to the spot as quickly as possible. Perhaps a quarter of an hour had elapsed, since the opening of the grave, before they arrived. The people had thrown a clean cloth over the man, two of them supported him, he presented an appearance of extreme emaciation and debility, but weak as he was his spirit was good, and his confidence in his powers unabated, as in answer to Lieut. Boileau's and Captain Trevelyan's inquiries, he said *he might be buried for another month for a twelvemonth if we pleased.*" Lieut. Boileau examined, and measured with his walking stick, the grave in the floor of the chamber in which the man had been buried, and also the two stalks of the wheat had been placed over the mouth of the grave. For seven or eight days preceding the burial, the man lived entirely upon milk, regulating the quantity so as to sustain life, whilst nothing remained to give nourishment to the excretory organs. In this state he was buried. He confesses to have great dread of the white ants. Several folds of cloth were spread on the bottom of the grave, to protect him from their attacks. On taking nourishment after his release, he is said to be in a state of anxiety, until he has ascertained that the powers of his stomach and intestines are not impaired. Lieut. Boileau saw nothing more of the man; he understood that he remained in the grave for seven days, and was laughed at; but

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, November 11th, 1837.

☞ We have been informed that one EDMUND B. TUTTLE is still receiving money due on Atkinson's periodicals, in the neighbourhood of Auburn, New York. *This Edmund B. Tuttle is a villainous Swindler*—and the public has long since been cautioned, not to pay him for any subscriptions due. We again notify our subscribers to beware of him, as we do not acknowledge his receipts as valid.

Mr. B. B. Peck is our accredited agent at Auburn, New York.

New Agent.—Thomas J. Neavitt has been appointed agent for Atkinson's periodicals at *Centreville, Md.* in place of P. Granger, Esq. resigned.

Samuel M. Rodkins, of Troy, New York, is no longer agent for the Casket, S. E. Post, &c.

Henry Barber, of Providence, R. I. do.

C. C. Norvell, of Nashville, Tenn. do.

Meech & Dinnies, of St. Louis, Missouri, do.

The first snow this season in Philadelphia, fell on Tuesday, from day-light until late in the afternoon.

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

We have seen within a few days a specimen of the incorruptible teeth, manufactured by S. S. W. Stockton, No. 160 Vine street; which for their natural appearance, cleanliness, and purity, are not exceeded. At the fair of the American Institute, lately held in New York, a premium of a gold medal, was awarded the manufacturer. They may be confidently recommended as being excellently well adapted to supply the place of the natural organs, when broken through accident, disease, or the process of age are destroyed.

It is said, the Banks of this city, at a meeting recently held, appointed a committee to ascertain the amount of notes under the denomination of five cents, in circulation, and to consult with the Corporations and Loan Companies, in order to get them withdrawn.

There is now being exhibited at the Masonic Hall, Chesnut street, a Panorama, representing some of the principal events in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. It commences with the battle of Waterloo, and terminates with the funeral of the exiled warrior, on the Isle of St. Helena. The different pictures are moveable, and the entertainment of appropriate music, gives a pleasing effect. The scene where Napoleon is going to surrender himself to Capt. Maitland, of the Northumberland, struck us as particularly beautiful. The whole exhibition is regarded as eminently worthy of public patronage, for its own intrinsic merit, and as a faithful, emphatic history of the misfortunes of man, who, at one time, threatened the subjugation of the world.

The Rail-road between Providence and Stonington, called the "New York, Providence, and Rail-road," was opened on the 13th inst.

The schr. Sarah Ann, Capt. Bontemps, from Matanzas, arrived on the 1st inst. at New Orleans, with 988,171 in specie.

On Tuesday evening, after the fall of snow, the Aurora Borealis made a beautiful appearance; and the whole northern sky with a brilliant light.

P. L. Carey, and A. Hart, "The Good Fellow," a work of fiction, called "The Good Fellow," by Paul De Kock, and translated from the French by a Philadelphian. The object is a most laudable one, and the evil to which a want of knowledge exposes men. The scenes are laid in Paris, and its vicinity; the dialogues and descriptions exhibit much dramatic talent, and the impression made on the mind of the reader is strong and lasting. The moral lesson it teaches is of great importance, and the fate of the principal actor in the tale is that of thousands, whose weakness of character betrays them into the vices of vice, and the horror of despair. The work possessed the greater part of the first night both pleasure and advantage.

Mr. Elliott, No. 2 north Fourth street, has published a new work, with the title, "Memoirs of a Bachelor, or Stolen Vigils. Many of the events described, is in the United States, and the story is related in an easy style.

Mr. Gibbon's "Ethel Churchill, or the Two Brides," Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Uncle Horace," and Miss Carey's "Stokesehill Place, to the Man in the Moon" have been published in London.

The Columbus Journal, says, the Banks in Ohio pay one dollar in specie for every dollar they issue—ninety cents in circulation.

The performances at the Circus are again varied by new and amusing feats have been introduced. The Pantomime of Alexander of Macedon presents some very good points, especially the horsemanship exercises of the female Equestrian and the flying courses of the Arabian, and the fine display of horsemanship, and the well executed great applause. The decorations of the establishment have been in good fortune uniformly maintained, that riot and drunkenness are not the attendants of public amusements. We hope their effort could be made at other establishments in the community it is certain would give them support.

The American Theatre, Walnut street was opened for the first time this season on Wednesday evening with Mr. Booth as Hamlet. The house is beautifully illuminated with gas, and many convenient alterations have been made in the recess. A large and respectable audience were present, and testified their approbation of the performance, and the elegant arrangement of the interior.

The Arch street Theatre was literally besieged on Monday evening, by a dense collection of persons, anxious to obtain ingress into the house, to see the first performance of Mr. Forrest, since his return from Europe.

MORTALITY.

The brig Rover, Captain Moses, sailed from this port for New Orleans, on the 25th of August, with two hundred and twelve passengers. Letters received from the Captain, state that he had buried sixty-two of the passengers, and that the fever prior to the 4th of September, on the 19th, there were only a small number surviving.

ATTENTION TO THE PUBLIC.

No person produces an article of merit in any branch of business it is natural for other persons are dishonest and unprincipled enough to take the advantage of it, by counterfeiting it.

Dr. Evans's Vegetable Pills having become celebrated by the extraordinary success that followed their application in infinite numbers, and their general approval, by making and selling immense quantities of counterfeits, have given an immense extent to the sale of a particle of inferior quality, and destitute of the virtues of the original article. The public should therefore cautiously avoid buying any but the regularly constituted druggists, apothecaries, and avoid a pestilence.

Persons who wish supplies of the genuine article ought to apply to the general agent, Dr. Evans, street, above 5th, Philadelphia, where the genuine article can only be certainly obtained.

S.

EDUCATION.

No rational being can behold with indifference the numerous and diversified objects around him, nor can he refrain from an investigation of their design. The human eye cannot consider the magnificence displayed in every part of the creation, without some impression being made on the understanding. The peculiar and ennobling distinction of man, appears to consist in an intelligence capable of indefinite expansion; and whether in a civilized or savage state he is found exercising this prerogative and laying the foundation of an intellectual pre-eminence to which no other animal can possibly attain. He advances from one degree of mental vigor to another, and seems scarcely willing to be restricted by the bounds of the material universe. The powers of intellect are not confined to a single series of objects, but embrace the whole extent of nature; not only marks the unfolding of the seed in the earth, and traces the tender plant in its growth, but measures the heavens, and enumerates the orbs that glitter in the immensity of ether. We every where perceive sufficient beauty to arouse the most indolent, and fix the attention of the most wavering, to amend the fancy and invigorate the understanding. Knowledge will improve all the noble emotions of our nature, and will impart a chaste refinement to those affections, which give lustre and dignity to every condition of human existence. The appetites and passions when bestowed on man, were certainly intended to serve an useful purpose in the animal economy, but it is not the less necessary to restrain them within certain prescribed limits. The friendships of the world, are commonly fostered by wealth, and the adventitious recommendations it presents. Great riches, however, may be exhibited before us, and invite to sensual indulgence, but the momentary bliss is embittered by fearful anticipations of the future. In the reality of life the glittering schemes of fancy, lose their lustre, while they add poignancy to the calamities necessarily incident to the present mutable state of being. Human life is not to be looked upon, as the ocean covered with a mild serenity, but as mingled with storms and agitated with tempests. Unalloyed happiness is not the condition of man, for whether the sun rolls in undiminished splendor over his head, or the opening blossom sheds its perfume on his path, he is always the child of sorrow.

An examination of the history of mankind, will demonstrate that the pursuit of knowledge, and the progress of civilization, have always been proportioned to each other. Whenever literature has been properly encouraged, eminence, wealth, and a rapid augmentation of national resources have followed as a necessary consequence. Those writings the most commonly read, insensibly mould the thoughts and the disposition of the mind. The advantages which result from the cultivation of polite literature, and the dissemination of correct philosophical principles, make it matter of astonishment, that the mass of mankind should still remain indifferent to the subject. Can the wild revelry of dissipation afford adequate amusement to the mind, that perpetually tends to elevate its sentiments, and purify its feelings? Will it be denied, that intellectual enjoyment has in it something far superior to gross sensuality.

If we look over the immense space of time which has rolled away since history began to record the deeds of man, how gloomy are the reflections the retrospect excites. Nations in all their variety of forms, will be seen rising and falling in rapid succession; at one period presenting particular regions of the earth in the enjoyment of all that could administer to pride, and national vanity; and in another, exhibiting a very different aspect, when a few short years, were sufficient to change the scene, and instead of the crowded city, there is the desolate heath.

What was the real cause of the dissolution of those great empires, that are now only known by the decaying wreck of grandeur, every where apparent in Europe and Asia? They had military prowess, experienced generals, acute philosophers, and eloquent orators, yet they have vanished from the earth. The same fate which befel them, may sooner or later overtake the proud republic of which we are members. To avert if nothing will avail, other than the dissemination of moral and intellectual light; without this every thing else will be worse than useless.

The nations of antiquity fell in consequence of their want of what may be termed general education, for while the philosopher argued in the lyceum, or debated in academic bowers, the great body of the people remained in ignorance. They were indeed taught a knowledge of those gymnastic arts, which tend to fortify the body, and augment its strength, but they were permitted to grope in darkness, as related to their true and lasting interest in the public Government.

The condition of the world at the present period, exhibits a similar scene of melancholy degradation on the one side, and proud exaltation on the other. The great defect of every government on earth, is the want of an efficient mode of imparting instruction to the minds of those, who the most require the aid of knowledge to assist them in the discharge of their duties. A system of general, of equal education, and the dissemination of knowledge, will only insure the perpetuity of our liberal institutions. The more enlightened any people become, the more correct knowledge they acquire, the more capable will they be to uphold and maintain their rights.

It is therefore of the utmost importance to the safety and well being of a country like this, that free inquiry should be encouraged, and a system of equal, sound education carried into effect. Let us watch with diligence the efforts that may be made for the restriction of the right of private judgment; and may the barbarous policy of a past age, be a warning, solemn as the voice of one from the grave, to incite us to suppress every thing of an exclusive character relating to this subject. Look on posterity, and the fate that must await many of them, if permitted to wander in the darkness of ignorance, without science to instruct, or knowledge to preserve them.

The temple of nature is before you, enter and deliberate without prejudice, and the voice of truth, will be heard issuing from its inmost recesses. You are invited to enter, and the mystery will be explained, why the most honorable and worthy part of mankind, are frequently the objects of derision to their less deserving fellows. You will hear the immutable truth proclaimed, that knowledge is the best preserver of a nation's glory.

As the friends of polite and chaste literature, we cannot be indifferent to the extension of its benign influence. A more powerful auxiliary to the cause of virtue, than the proper cultivation of literary knowledge, cannot be discovered. It will furnish the means of instruction and recreation to those, who might otherwise seek relief from the pesty cares of life, in the haunts of vice and folly. In conjunction with the hallowed voice of religion, literature gently persuades men to walk in the paths of peace and happiness. Without the beneficial aid of letters, civilised life would soon become a burden, if indeed it could exist. It equally removes us, from that credulity which would make the mind a prey to unreasonable superstition, and that scepticism which would reject every thing as unworthy unbelief, that did not admit of absolute demonstration.

☞ The Newbern Spectator, indignantly contradicts the story of the passengers of the Home being robbed by the people residing in the vicinity of the place where the wreck occurred.—The editor thus speaks on the subject: "we conversed with nearly all the passengers who escaped, say sixteen out of the twenty, and every one of them charged the pilfering that was done, and which was not extensive, *to the crew alone.*"

Sheridan Knowles' new comedy was shortly to be played at the Hay Market; Miss Vandenhoff, daughter of the tragedian will appear in one of the characters.

NEW YORK ELECTIONS.

An inspection of the returns from the different counties of the recent election in New York, will show that the Whig majority continues to increase. In every part of the State the administration is losing its support, and the influence it may have on the representation in the assembly, will be almost reduced to nothing.—The western counties have at length broken the illusion which had led them from the true principles of government. There is a redeeming virtue in the people, that however long, it may be deceived, will at length display its strength. They have perceived how the true interests of the nation are to be promoted, not the interests of any party, but those of every man, woman and child, that together make the country. A peaceful revolution has been accomplished, and men of all parties, and every variety of sentiment, have united in demanding a change in the policy of the United States Government.—The present Executive threw the people off, and with unpardonable effrontery told them to look out for themselves, the advice was too good to be lost, and now they come in hosts to reform the errors of their public servants.

All the Senatorial districts of New York, have returned Whig members, and of eighty members in the other legislative branch there are only six in favour of the Administration.—The Journal of Commerce calculates that the whole Whig majority in the State will reach FIFTY THOUSAND VOTES.

Chautauque county gives the Whig ticket a majority of about 800, in 17 out of 24 towns, the whole majority it is thought will be 1200.

Cataraugus county, judging by the returns from 16 out of 23 towns, returns the Whig candidates for the assembly.

The annexed returns show a most remarkable change in public opinion, the counties now enumerated, gave Mr. Van Buren a majority of twenty-eight thousand for President, and comprises a population which was strongly in favor of his predecessor.

Result as far as Ascertained.

	Whig majorities. In 1837.	*V. B. majorities.* In 1837.
Albany	600	600
Rensselaeaer	300	349
Schenectady	349	349
Saratoga	400	300
Montgomery	300	1300
Oneida	800	1800
Dutchess	1500	1600
Ulster	600	1500
Greene	250	1100
Orange	600	1200
Columbia	500	700
New York	3000	1000
Richmond	18	600
Kings	150	450
Queens	250	550
Westchester	300	1598

THE CAUSE OF THE COUNTRY HAS TRIUMPHED EVERY WHERE IN THE STATE. THE PEOPLE HAVE COME NOBLY TO THE RESCUE, AND THE VICTORY HAS BEEN GLORIOUS.

MANUAL LABOUR BANK.

Dr. Dyott has announced arrangements for the resumption of the regular business of this bank, which are as follows; on the 4th of December next, to redeem bills of the denomination of 12½, 10, 6¼ and 5 cents; and on the 18th of December he proposes to redeem together with the above bills, those of the denomination of 25 cents, and the 2d of January those of the denomination of 50 cents. In all cases, no amount less than $5 nor more than $10, " according to the face of the notes, which specifies in which of those respective sums they are payable," will be redeemed.

The provision thus made and published we regard as almost equivalent to a refusal on the part of the proprietor to receive his own notes. A large amount of them are in the hands of a class of people, who are put to much inconvenience by the present state of affairs in this establishment. It is rather an onerous business to run over the city collecting five cent notes on the Manual Labor Bank. If a man should have in his possession $4 95, he is kept out of the use of his money, until he can either borrow or find the remaining five cents. That the poor will be oppressed by such a measure cannot be doubted, and that no advantage will result to the public is equally evident. If the Bank under the control of Dr. Dyott be really solvent, there is no difficulty in his gratifying the community as to the fact, and as long as the evidence of it, shall be kept back, the existing difficulty must continue.

Most of the public papers contain an advertisement, setting forth, the persons in business, whose confidence is unshaken, and who are willing to receive the notes of Dr. Dyott in exchange for merchandise. It is a duty we owe the community to correct an error in this matter, which is the subject of great complaint. In various instances where purchases have been made, those notes have been offered in payment, and peremptorily refused; though the name of the seller appeared in the advertisement. These individuals have asserted that their names are used without their consent having been obtained, and entirely without their authority. In making these remarks, we are actuated solely by a sense of what is due the public, who in matters of so grave import should never be led into error. If a deception of this kind has been practised, the sooner it is removed the better; in all misfortunes an honest, strait forward course is the most successful. The names surreptitously given, should be ascertained, and immediately expunged.

We shall receive these notes, in payment of arrearages of three dollars, which may be due us, but not for the current subscriptions. Where the amount of a subscription has not been paid at the time specified in our conditions, the charge is three dollars, and in these cases alone, with the view of adjusting outstanding accounts, we are willing to incur the risk.

There are few who are aware of the extent to which gambling is carried, and perhaps still fewer who reflect on the wide spread ruin it produces. In every community where this vice is tolerated, the fairest prospects of honour and usefulness are blasted in their opening blossom. He who shall unwittingly enter the polluted chamber where the gambler celebrates his unholy orgies, will too late discover that he has followed a deceitful guide, whose smiles lure only to the yawning abyss of destruction. At the gaming-table, property and character are made dependent on the shuffling of a card, and the rattling of the dice; time is sacrificed, health destroyed, and money thrown away, until at length the miserable votary of folly seeks in the intoxicating bowl a temporary solace for the anguish of an accusing conscience. The life of the professed gambler is a series of outrages on all the principles which bind men together in the communion of social existence. It proposes to its votary, pleasure, no matter how obtained, whether by the destruction of the fond father's hope, or the overthrow of a mother's hallowed joy. It is a matter of congratulation, that the public attention is beginning to fasten on this subject, and that there seems to exist a disposition inimical to the blackleg fraternity. May it increase until this enormous evil shall be rooted out of the land.

We would remind the friends of Education, that an oration by Joseph R. Chandler, Esq. and an address by David Paul Brown, Esq. will be delivered before the Northern Lyceum of the City and County of Philadelphia, this (Saturday) evening, at 7 o'clock, at the Callowhill street Church, below Fifth street.

An invitation has been given by the Committee of Arrangement to all the various Literary and Scientific Institutions of our city, as well as to the friends of Education generally, to be present on this interesting occasion. We presume, however, that such an invitation would not be requisite in order to obtain a full house. The mere announcement that the meeting would be addressed by two such eloquent and favourite speakers, would be sufficient to insure a cordial co-operation on the part of our citizens in celebrating the anniversary of this young and flourishing institution.

Fire.—On the evening of the 5th inst. at Baltimore, a fire occurred, which destroyed property to the amount of twenty thousand dollars.

From the New York Daily Express.

ALL HAIL!—THE TWO POLLIES IS AFLOAT.

Among the numerous "*all hails*" of late, and we have had a "*hail storm,*" none gives us more gratification than the information contained in the following Letter from our friend *Major Downing.*

The release of the "Two Pollies" from her long perilous position, is in our opinion a mere prelude to the escape of hundreds from the mud and quicksands in which they have been plunged,—the moral is a plain one—we hope it will not be lost.

We commend the proposition touching rejoicing to the committee of 76. It is well to bear in mind that we are called on, not to imitate bad examples, but to set good ones. We believe that is the Major's notion, and the Major is knowing in all these matters.

ON BOARD THE TWO POLLIES, }
Rockaway, L. I., Nov. 11, 1837. }

To the Editors of the New York Daily Express.

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for sendin me the papers regularly—but I hasnt had time to write to you now for some time.

I believe my last letter tell'd you about the condition of Uncle Sam and his buttons, but I am not sartin.

I have now the satisfaction to tell you—and you may tell it to all creation—that *the "Two Pollies" is afloat,* and this is nagh upon the way it come about—Some weeks ago I got a letter from Uncle Joshua, tellin me to keep a sharp look-out on the tides along about the beginnin of November—that they had had a plagy high one down there in Mexico—and shortly before that there was a considerable rise in Rhode Island, and it would sartinly be the same *all along shore*—and accordin to his kalkilation, there would be a *real rouser* along by York State somewhere from the first to the middle of this month —and if I ever expected to git the "Two Pollies" off, this was the time to keep a sharp lookout, for Congress had done nothin to help at the last session, and might not at the next. And sure enuf, on the 6th, just at sunrise, it began to rise, and every follow in tide kept goin a leetle beyond the last one; and by sundown of the 8th—" *The glorious 9th November*"—the Two Pollies began to lift out of the sand, and roll—and to rights up she came on an even keel and swung off to her anker, which had been run out into deep water.

The next mornin the folks begun to gather along shore, and every livin critter who could git off, all come on board—and such a time as we had there for a spell, I kalkiate haint been seen for many a day on board a vessel, sound as ever in her hull, but wantin spars, sails, and riggin. My old friend *Zeke Bigelow*, was among the visiters, and nothin would do but he must deliver an address to the folks—and he is you know, a complete hand at that—and so up he got on the windlass, and did *pour it out there* for about half an hour—and how he did bawl. He shook like a tea-pot, one arm a kimbo and tother *spoutin*—and such a stream!! there was no gittin by it. He thanked *everybody* and *everything*, that had any hand in gittin the Two Pollies off shore—he said the same causes would in time take off the rest of them than we had any notion on—for that the Two Pollies was not the only object that had been run on shore by the wickedness, and the ignorance and selfishness of *some folks*, and when he come to think of them *folks*, and tell *how and why* all this trouble had been brought on the country entirely by their *wickedness*, their *ignorance*, and their *selfullness*, he just took up his swill tub and emptied the hull scrape on't right over em. I never in my life heard the like.

After this address was over, we all gave *three times three* good hearty cheers, and the Two Pollies, she rolled from side to side, like a good natured laugher, first one scupper in and then tother, as if both sides was in the fun; and which she had a right to do.

The Two Pollies, as I said afore, is sound in her hull, and all her ground tackle is as good as ever; but she wants refittin, and as yet, I am a grain sorry to say, I don't know in port to carry her to for an outfit. Some think she ought to be rigged on a new *plan*, and that a "convention of riggers" is to meet in N. York on the 27th of this month, to fix upon a plan for rigging vessels differently from the present. I am the case, I don't know but it is best to take the Two Pollies to New York and let them all take a look at her, and then decide. I must say, I haint got much confidence in any "*new rig,*" especially if it has any thing like an "*experiment*" about it—all I know about it is, the Two Pollies was a *clipper* in her day, and with the rig she had, and unless I am sarting that a change will be best, I wont give my consent. As the Two Pollies was never kalkulated for the under-writers by the owners, who are all of the "*grow up the whip*" order —there wont be any trouble on that score—but more of this in my next.

Well, now about the late elections. What in natur is the matter with the folks? What has become of "*the party?*" Do tell, now—I want to know!!! I have hearn to tell of "knocking folks into the middle of next week"—but if the news I got is only half true, you wont find some folks for a good while to come, "in next week" or "*the week after*"—as they say down in Georgia)—I never hearn on before—why it seems to me, them plagy Whigs have *hoed out* tother party completely, and not left enuf for seed.

I hear tell you are going to have a jollification on this matter on the 22d inst.—I must git the Two Pollies up to town by that time if possible, and take a hand in it—but I hope it will be one of that kind that will do *more good* than evil. How will it suit you, if I hoist *pankins* in about it, and what I for one *mean* to do—and I mean to make a kalkilation of what it would cost to *illuminate* the biggest house (if I had one) in the city,—then I would, instead of spendin this money in that way, lay it to fall the winter comes, and either take it myself, or give it to a work committee to buy wood or coal for such famines as by misfortune are sufferin and destitute—I would make no distinction of party, but where there were found sufferin women and children, there I would go or send a load—and as to illumination in their stoves or fire places, this is the kind of *illumination* I hope every good Whig will go for, and take my word for it, it will bring *blessings on the cause and the party.* This course would be a death poison to the *feelin dangers* of the Loco Foco party—they are the chaps that tell the ignorant but honest poor that the Whigs are their very worst enemies, and some believe it, when it is well known—and none know it better than the Loco Foco leaders, especially the Buffalo tribe—that it is a rank lie. There are no people in the wide world more charitable than the American people. I know it,—and who dares deny it? Let any man go abroad—and I care not where—and when they hear what he says about it. Well then, if this is so, who is it gives liberally of the fruits of his industry,—the man who has somethin, or the man who has nothin?—and yet we hear some of these Loco Foco fellows, who are big enuf able to work for a three dollars, and in these cases alone, with the view of adjusting outstanding accounts, we are willing to incur the risk. Dollars, and in these cases alone, with the view of adjusting outstanding accounts, we are willing to incur the risk. man who has nothin?—and yet we hear some of these Loco Foco fellows, who are big enuf able to work for an honest livin, talkin round among the ignorant and the wicked, and tellin 'em to join in the cry of down with the rich, and tryin, in fact, to make it appear a sin in any man to have more than his industry and virtue, than *they* have with their idleness and wickedness. I don't like to trust myself in writing more on this matter, as my dander always begins to hit when I think on't.

But about this jollification talk'd on, I don't see that better could be done than the plan I propose,—and I hope something as nigh like it as possible will be adopted,—however, I don't know but we must have somethin by way of marking the occasion; and instead of an *illumination*, let a big gun tell the story from every hill top, 76 times—" *Slam, Bang*"—from the sea shore to the lakes and back again—and I call on my friend Prentiss, of the "Louisville Journal," away over in old Kentucky, to charter that big thunder-cloud he promised a spell ago, to let off a real rouser, and I hope every State will take its own time in jinin in with this victory, till it comes round through old Virginny, and the last roar of the Old Dominion be heard on the day when Congress gits together, jest to tell the folks there, that the wind has shifted and its high time to take ship.

And as regards *returnin thanks* for blessins received, the Governor has already appointed a day for a general thanks and prayers over the State, and it any man will read that "*peculiarmeasure*" now, he will see that the Governor must had a notion that in addition to *good crops and good health, good round constitutional principles* would be established—and now it all there is worth being thankful for, then are we most ungrateful. As a day then is appointed by the Governor, let us all as our good old fathers and grandfathers did before us, go to church and have a good sermon, and after that tie the sarvices of prayer and thanksgivin, and then come and git the family together, and invite in as many as there is room for, and who hasnt got no family, and if there be any *pankins* in creation, I hope they wont be neglected—I hope no man of the *starve*'—as they say down in Georgia)—I never hearn on before—why it seems to me, them plagy Whigs have *hoed out* tother party completely, and not left enuf for seed.

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Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

THE ROVER'S BATTLE SONG.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Fling loose our flag of sable dye,
And let it float upon the breeze;
Tell fiend our ancient battle cry,
That's rang so long upon the seas.
And let our gloomy banner wave
High o'er our triumph or our grave.

Who dare dispute our power? our right
To lord it o'er the swelling tide?
Who dares with mad'ning brain to fight
The monarchs of the ocean wide?
Let them appear! the foaming wave
Shall prove their death ocean, and their grave.

What care we for the forms of law?
Law is for lubbers on the land;
'Twas never made to rest an awe
O'er one of all the gallant band;
Our law, our swords,—our oceit, the wave,—
And be our dungeon dark, the grave.

Then fling it where its darkest night,
Wave frowning o'er the bloody strife;
Brave hearts, during freemen's might,
To guard thy folds, smash their life,
But on! our swords in blood we'll lave,
To find in heaven's home a grave.

Say! Lucanian in the bonds of crime,
Who long have braved the winds and seas,
Shall we, the terror of each clime,
Be swung like dogs from gallows-trees?
No! sweet! hearts, if truly brave,
Meet End, or FREEDOM, or the GRAVE.

PARISIAN COURAGE.—As an old woman was walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrole called out, "Who's there?" "It is I," said she, "dont be afraid."

NEAT PUN.—A printer, on seeing a sheriff closely pursuing an unfortunate author, remarked, "That it was a near edition of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' *unbound and but pressed.*"

PERSUASION.—A certain votary of Saint Patrick, one day found a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street: "Arrah," says he, "I'll have nothing *to do* with you; I lost three shillings on your brother yesterday."

STERNUTATORIES.—A young medical gentleman right from the schools, was called upon to extract a substance from the nose of a child, but not succeeding, he applied to one of his older brethren for an instrument, and sought his advice. His friend inquired if he had tried sternutories, (medicines that produce sneezing.) The young doctor said he had, *but they had slipped off.*

A SMALL MATRIMONIAL BRETZE.—"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye? just tell me that, for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flannigan sent me home to yer house." "Swate jewel" (replied Pat, not relishing the charge,) and it's myself that hopes to live to see the day when ye re a widow, waping o'er the co-u-ld sod that covers me; then, by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye get along without me, honey, dear!"

A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom; mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Sounds, madam," answer'd one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom *while your head swims.*"

NOTIONS OF GENTILITY.—Some people form their notions of gentility from odd concomitants. A cabman took up a well-dressed female, who made use of expressions which rather startled him, and he observed to a friend of his, a hackney-coachman, that he had no idea the higher classes used such language. "Pooh, pooh," replied the coachman, "she warn't a lady." "I beg your pardon," replied the cabman, "a real lady, *hat and feathers.*"—*New Monthly.*

DUN.—A periodical published a century and a half ago, in London, gives the following account of the origin of this word. In the reign of Henry VII. a famous bailiff, named Jon Dun, lived in the town of Lincoln. This man was so extremely boisterous in his rough humours, that it was usual, when, a person refused to pay his debts, to say, '*Why don't you dun him?*' That is, why don't you send Jon Dun to arrest him?' And hence the custom of calling a person who presses another for the payment of money, a DUN.

In the neighborhood of Kilbarchan these lived two men, father and son, weavers by trade, and sole inhabitants of the tenement. For years they had made family worship before going to bed, the old man praying, and the son reading the chapter. One night the son was reading from the twelfth chapter of Relevations—'Another wonder in Heaven, a great dragoon.'—'Stop, Hughie, says the father, 'thou's wrong—it's not dragoon: it is a dragon.'—'Why should ken best, quoth Hughie, 'when I have the beuk afore me?' 'I'm no heeding about that, replied the old man; 'I've read it fifty times, and it's no dragon. Dear me, Hughie, did thou ever hear o' a dragoon being in that guid place?' 'I never did.'—'Ay, father, but it says this is a wonder, though.'—'Weel, weel, said the father, 'read awa, Hughie; it could na be ony o' Clavers bloody troop, at any rate.'

LE BOUQUET DE NOCE.

About eleven years ago a lady, accompanied by a young girl, evidently suffering from illness was in the daily habit of attending mass at the church of St. Severin, in Rouen. On leaving the church she always gave a trifle to a poor beggar who was regularly stationed at the church door, and the child likewise demanded her offering in his hand, outreaving the benefit of his prayers for her recovery.—This continued for several years, till at length one day the beggar disappeared, and no one knew what had become of him. Some days ago a wedding was celebrated at Rouen. M. P. a wealthy landholder, was about to receive the hand of Mille. Anastasie L., an amiable and accomplished young lady, to whose family had been much reduced in consequence of the events of 1848. The notary was on the point of offering the pen to the bride and bridegroom preparatory to their signing the contract of marriage, when a stranger, of a rather rustic appearance, entered the room. The stranger, without further ceremony, placed 30,000 francs in bank notes on the table, and said, addressing the notary, 'Write, sir, that Mille. Anastasie brings her husband a dowry of 30,000 francs. The beggar of St. Severin is come to return his benefactress the money that she lent him. An explanation soon took place. With the money collected at the church door the beggar had been able to purchase a piece of land, and by dint of industry and perseverance in his habits of economy, he had gradually become a wealthy man. "But never," he said, "did I pass a day without thinking of my benefactress: I knew she was not rich. I heard she was to be married, and I have brought her my *bouquet de noce.*" It need scarcely be added that the grateful mendicant became the honored guest at the ensuing wedding festivity.—*Echo de Rouen.*

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.—Rising early, is a habit of high importance to fix in children; and in forming it, there is far greater facility than in other cases. There is a natural propensity in children generally, to early rising, which needs only to be gratified and encouraged. They usually retire to bed some hours before their parents, and at daylight, or at least at sunrise, are generally awake, and anxious to rise. Many of them are actually bred up with difficulty, to the habit of taking morning naps: which, when once formed, generally prevail through life. Let the father deny himself so far as to retire early, and become an early riser also. To him, the enjoyments and avocations, he may depend upon it, will be perceptibly benefitted. Long lived persons have been found, after an extensive inquiry to resemble each other in this important practice. And this may be accounted for, in all other precautions of health—active employment. The morning is the season for activity; the frame is invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion, and motion gives pleasure. The pure atmosphere, so much more bracing than at other hours, so much sweeter and more exhilarating than the air of a close chamber, has been prepared to be breathed; and like all nature's nostrums, it is superior to any which science can produce. Early rising and exercise, might make properly be united load than medicine, as they are designed for daily use, and to protect us from disease rather than to remove it. Every thing except mere sloth, invites us, nay, requires of us, to train up our children to use them. The morning is the most favorable season for exercising the frame, as well as musing useful impressions in the mind and heart, of important facts, moral principle, or religious feelings; and whoever tries to conduct the education of his child independently of this practice, will lose some of the most favorable opportunities.—*Dwight's Father's Book.*

A NEW TRAGEDY ENACTED AT RIO JANEIRO.

A Correspondent has favored us with the following particular of a tragic scene which has recently taken place at Rio Janeiro, and which is now the all-engrossing topic of conversation in the fashionable circles there. We tell the tale as it is told to us.

A short time since a marriage was much talked of in the upper circles of Rio Janeiro—that of Count Alphonso de Zuniga, a youth of twenty three, with the Marchioness d'Ovara, a widow, who still retained some vestiges of departed beauty. The Marchioness's great affection for the Count was generally acknowledged, but it was not less known that he sought but to secure her large fortune, and all his precautions had been unable to conceal his violent attachment to Riccardina Soares, a young and beautiful Portuguese dancer, whom the enthusiastic frequenters of the Brasilian opera proclaimed a match for the combined accomplishments of Taglioni and Fanny Elsler.

On the 17th of July last a new opera, in which Riccardina was to dance the Cachucha, attracted an overflowing house, Riccardina appeared, and was received with tumultuous applause. The acclamation became louder still when, on concluding the Cachucha, she advanced, striking her castanet towards the orchestra.—But at the moment she saluted the admiring audience poor Riccardina shrieked and fell backwards. She was carried off the stage in horrible convulsions and uttering loud shrieks, and the curtain dropped. The report soon spread all over the house that aquafortis had been cast upon her, and she was dreadfully burnt. The whole house was transported with rage and indignation. The sentinel of the mailtride immediately pointed out the Marchioness Ovara as the perpetrator of the deed. She attended the performance. The crowd rushed to her box; it was dessected, but on the red velvet that ornamented some part of it yellowish stains were detected, denoting the action of a corrosive liquid. All doubt was now removed. The infuriated spectators devasted the box. The curtain rose; the manager came forward, and confirmed the fatal news. "Senora Riccardina," said he, is in the most deplorable condition. Her arms, her face, and her bosom are fearfully burnt; it is to be feared that she will be disfigured for life." The yells became tremendous; deafening shouts of "Revenge!" Down with the wretch!" "Viva la Republica!" were uttered from all quarters.

In the mean time, a young man who had precipitately left the theatre, entered the Marchioness's house and was soon in her presence. Moved at his sudden appearance, but striving to dissemble her agitation, "Dear Alphonso," said she, "to what circumstance am I indebted for this happy visit?" The Count looked at her with fury, but could not utter a word. "You are unwell, sir?" added the Marchioness. "And Riccardina Soares!" said he, gnashing his teeth. "Riccardina!" replied the Marchioness, smiling: "Riccardina is a person of so much talent that the public never can admire her as much as she deserves." The Count, after examining her for some seconds in silence, broke out with fearful violence. "How came those stains on your Senora? Why is that gown burnt? Wash dissemble, would you deny the crime; 'tis you that have done the deed." "Well, then," returned the terrified Marchioness, "it is I, but if it be a crime it is the crime of love," and extending her hands, she endeavored to appease him. The Count seized a cushion, and violently forced it over her face and head. As she struggled she upset a table, and the noise brought up her attendants. The Count rushed out; a doctor was called in, but the Marchioness had expired. On the same day the Count was seized in his house and taken to prison. As for Riccardina Soares slight hopes are entertained of her recovery. The corrosive liquid had attacked the jugular artery, and nothing could save her life but an operation of the most dangerous nature, which was about to be attempted.—*London Court Journal.*

THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELL.

BY MRS. CBY.

I come from the ocean—a fellow passed o'er me,
And covered with sea weeds and glittering foam,
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon bore me
To deck the gay halls of his fair distant home!
Encompass'd by exquisite myrtles and roses,
Yet I sigh'd for the lord-breaking billows that tossed me,
I long to the cool ocean caverns to flee,
And when gazes with officious intrusion around me,
I answer from out in the realms of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,
And mingled with men in the regions above,
I have known them the less they ever cherished for getting,
Oh! trust to new friendships, and cling to new love.
Oh! it is hard to preserve true devotion?—
Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of me,
I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,
And to sing songs a mine but the sounds of its sea.

ELUCIDATION OF THE HOMŒOPATHIC SYSTEM.

MEDICO ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERY THING.—Mr. Knight Bell, M. R. C. S. exhibited a wax preparation of the interior of a gentleman who in early life had inadvertently swallowed a door key. It was a curious fact that a medical student of the dissected his being present at the *post mortem* examination found means to escape unobserved from the room with that portion of the coats of the stomach upon which the exact model of the instrument was distinctly impressed, with which he presented to a locksmith of doubtful character, who made a new key from the pattern so shown him.—With this key the medical student entered the house of the deceased gentleman, and committed a burglary to a large amount for which he was subsequently tried and executed. Professor Muff related a very extraordinary and convincing proof of the wonderful efficacy of the system of infinitesimal doses, which the section were doubtless aware was based upon the theory that the very smallest amount of any given drug properly dispersed through the human frame would be productive of precisely the same result as a very large dose administered in the usual manner. Thus, the fortieth part of a grain of calomel was considered to be equal to a five grain calomel pill, and so on in proportion throughout the whole range of medicine. He had tried the experiment in a curious manner upon a ruffian who had been brought into the hospital with a broken head; and was cured upon the infinitesimal system in the incredibly short space of two months. This man was a hard drinker. He Professor Muff had dispersed three drops of rum through a bucket of water, and requested the man to drink the whole.—What was the result? Before he had drunk a quart he was in a state of beastly intoxication, and five other men were made dead-drunk with the remainder. The President wished to know whether an infinitesimal dose of soda water would have recovered them? Professor Muff answered that the twenty fifth part of a tea-spoonful, properly administered to each patient, would have sobered him immediately. The President remarked that this was a most important discovery, and he hoped the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen would patronize it immediately. A member suggested to be informed whether it would be possible to administer—say, the twentieth part of a grain of bread and cheese to all grown-up paupers, and the fortieth part to children, with the same satisfying effect as their present allowance? Professor Muff was willing to stake his professional reputation on the perfect adequacy of such a quantity of food to the support of human life in workhouses; the addition of the fifteenth part of a grain of pudding to the week's allowance, and a high diet. Professor Nogot called the attention of the section to a very extraordinary case of animal magnetism. A private watchman, being merely tickled at by the operator from the opposite side of a wide street, fell into a profound sleep to be in a very drowsy and languid state. He was followed to his box, and being once slightly rubbed on the palms of his hands fell into a sound sleep, in which he continued without intermission for ten hours.—*Bee, in Bentley's Miscellany.*

A PUNCTUATIC HORSE.—A young gentleman on a fine steed had some difficulty a day or two since to get through Warren street, as the organism which seemed to have a particular objection to be in a very great hurry, and after making a few curvets, commenced a series of jumps, which he appeared resolved to plunge with his master, or to ascend the steps to the front door. The ladies came out, and after much coaxing the horse was induced to go on.—*Boston Paper.*

PROFESSIONS OF THE LAW.—Dr. Priestly says, "The profession of law, I cannot help considering as much inferior to those of theology and medicine, especially with respect to the principles of the mind, and the influence of particular connexions with any branch of philosophical science, and when taken in its utmost extent, requires hardly any other knowledge besides the history of one particular country, and the habit of pleading, indifferently, for or against right, must be necessarily hurtful to the mind, and tend to make it indifferent to truth and right in general; just as the practice of acting and assuming any character. And when this indifference to truth and right is produced, the accomplished lawyer becomes a most dangerous member of society—his talents (or at the pleasure of all who will pay the hire of them, and especially of kings and courts, whose views are unfavorable to the people at large; who have seldom been able to succeed in their iniquitous designs without some assistance of this kind, as well as that of a military force."

CAUSE OF THE CELEBRITY OF COUTTS'S BANK.

It has never yet been satisfactorily accounted for (at least in print) how Coutts's banking house, in the Strand, attained the eminence it did over all other metropolitan establishments of the same kind, during the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century; nor, we believe has it ever been publicly explained how it was, that the late chief partner possessed so princely a revenue during his long life, and was enabled to bequeath at his death a property of about two millions of pounds sterling to his widow, the late Duchess of St. Albans. The following facts will explain the matter:—On the death of Mr. Thomas Coutts's elder brother, the former of course, became sole proprietor of the bank in the Strand; but the property and connection belonging to both had not hitherto enabled the partner brothers to transact more than a fair average share of business with other private bankers of London. On his brother's demise, however, Thomas seized the opportunity of exercising his ingenuity and turn for speculation by endeavoring to become acquainted with the nature and state of trade enjoyed and carried on by his brethren in the cities of London and Westminster. For this purpose, as he was also fond of company and exceedingly hospitable, he frequently invited the chief clerks and cashiers both of the Bank of England and the private houses to dine with him, and from them in the moment of jollity and unreserved confidence, he often obtained intelligence which proved of infinite benefit to him in after transactions possible. Among other things, he was one evening informed that the Earl of Abercorn had been denied the temporary loan on his own personal security, of 30,000*l.*, by a firm of no mean celebrity in the City, and at present day. Upon this as Mr. Coutts could decently get rid of his company, he sallied forth to the Earl's town residence, and inquired for his house-steward, to whom he specially introduced himself, and invited him to partake of a bottle of wine at a neighbouring tavern. No sooner were they seated than Mr. Coutts opened his business: "I understand," said he, "that your master is in want of a large sum of money, and that he has found great difficulty in procuring it." "He is, indeed," replied the steward, "and, to tell you the truth, Messrs. —, with whom he has banked ever since we came to reside in London, have actually refused him the accommodation, although they well know it is only wanted for a short time, and that, too, to finish the English country seat which his lordship has been engaged in building during the last two years, and on which he has already expended upwards of 100,000*l.*" "I know all about the refusal," returned Mr. Coutts, promptly, "and perhaps there are more reasons than you are aware of for declining this advance to his lordship: but, if you will have the goodness to make my dutiful respects to the Earl of Abercorn, and say that I shall be happy to accommodate him with 50,000*l.*, or any other sum he chooses to name, I will take the same as a great obligation: his lordship has only to name his own time, for the money is ready and payable to his order." The man was of course delighted at the idea of being the herald of news so agreeable to his master; the Earl of Abercorn at no loss how and next day on presenting himself at the bank, he was shown into Mr. Coutts's private room, where he was not seated long before he received the needful. He, however, carried only one-third of the sum away, having deposited 1,20,000 in the cashier's hands, who immediately opened an account in his ledger, in his lordship's name to that amount. It was curious fact, that the earl never had occasion to draw more than 5,000*l.* from the same during his natural life, but he received a handsome legacy a few months afterwards, out of which he not only paid the whole sum borrowed, but he also gave the remainder into Mr. Coutts hands, to be placed to his account, this sum, with the 5,000*l.* drawn out by his agents in Scotland, before twelve months had elapsed, amounted to no less than 1,20,000, for the use of which, in the accommodation of his various other customers, Mr. Coutts, of course, enjoyed a very handsome per centage. The Earl of Abercorn's gratitude and confidence in his banker never ceased during his life; and at no time after the transaction we have related, had Mr. Coutts ever a less floating balance in his hands belonging to his lordship, than 100,000*l.* Nor was this all. The Abercorn took every opportunity of mentioning Mr. Coutts ready accommodations to all his friends and acquaintances, many of whom immediately changed their bankers, and their immense sums into his hands. The same recommendation and influence prevailed in favor of his Majesty George the Third, who for many years banked with Mr. Coutts, in whom he actually had greater faith than even in the Bank of England. On one occasion, however, his faith was greatly shaken; namely, when during the French war Mr. Pitt had negotiated the whole population of these kingdoms with the idea of an "invasion." At that memorable period George the Third quaked for his cash in the Strand, for every day he feared unloading of the sending small cacques; that is for about 150 and 300 each. Mr. Coutts, suspecting these manœuvres were to rely the *grand coup de main*, patiently awaited the arrival of a cheque which would well nigh have swept out his treasury it came, demanding a sum amounting to nearly 500,000. Coutts, nothing daunted, asked the bearer "how he would have it?" but at the same time begged him to return to his Majesty, saying, that "a million sterling was at his service, and if his Majesty would only lay his Royal commands upon him, that sum in gold should be sent to Windsor Castle forthwith.—The *ruse* took, the King not only declined the favour, but cancelled the awful cheque leaving his cash undisturbed for many years in Mr. Coutts coffers, except by occasionally adding to it very large sums. By means like these Mr. Coutts established his business, and amassed his fortune.—*British Paper.*

Lockhart's Life of Walter Scott.—While attending Dugald Stewart's lectures, on moral philosophy, Scott had come to get frequently beside a modest and diligent youth, considerably his senior, and obviously of very humble condition. Their acquaintance soon became rather intimate, and he occasionally made this person the companion of his country walks; but, as to his parentage and place of residence, he always preserved total silence. One day, towards the end of the session, as Scott was returning to Edinburgh from a solitary ramble, his eye was arrested by a singularly venerable little group, a beggar of the Edie Ochiltree order, who stood propped on his stick, with his tod in hand, but silent and motionless, at one of the crossings of the city. Scott gave the old man what little he had in his pocket, and passed on his way. Two or three days after he met the same being hemmed, and he had begun to consider the silent gentleman as one who had established a claim on his bounty; when one day he fell in with him as he was walking with his humble students. Observing some confusion in his countenance and manner as he saluted his pensioner and bestowed the usual benediction, he could not help saying, after they had proceeded a few yards further, "Do you know any thing of the old man's destitute?" Upon which the youth burst into tears, and cried, 'O no, sir, God forbid—but I am a poor creature to be ashamed to speak to him, he is my own father.' He has enough laid by to serve or support him in old age; but he stands bleaching his head in the wind. That he may get the means of paying for my education.' Compassionating the young man's situation, Scott soothed his weakness, and kept its secret, but by no means stood off the acquaintance. Some months had elapsed before he again met the old man begged to speak a word with him. 'I find, sir,' he said, 'that you have been very kind to my Willie. He had often spoke of it before I saw him to-day. Will you pardon me, such a liberty, and give me the honor and pleasure of seeing you under my poor roof? To-morrow is Saturday, will you come at two o'clock?' While his hat had been very well, and it would do him mickle good to see your face.' His curiosity, besides other feelings, was excited, and he accepted this strange invitation. The appointed hour found him within sight of a sequestered little cottage, near St. Leonard's—the hamlet where he has placed the residence of his David Deans. His former student, paid entrance, and from recent sickness, was seated on a stone bench by the door, looking out for his coming, and introduced him into a neat untidy cabin, where the old man, divested of his professional garb, was dressing the last vibrations of a leg amputation that hung by a hempen cord before the fire. The mutton was excellent—so were the potatoes and whiskey; Scott returned home from an entertaining conversation, to which, besides being many queer stories of his own life—and he had been service in his youth—the old man more than once used an expression, which was long afterwards put into the mouth of Dominie Sampson's mother:—'Please God, I may live to see my barn wag his head in a pulpit sin.'

"Walter could not help telling all this, the same night, to his mother, and added, that he would fain see his poor friend obtain a tutor's place in some gentleman's family. 'Dinna think o't, my bairn,' said the old lady, 'if it had been a *shoemaker*, he might have thought less, but he will say the deed was a sin. I'll see what I can do.' Mrs. Scott made her inquiries in her own way among the gentry, and having satisfied herself as to the young man's character, applied to her favorite minister, Dr. Erskine, whose influence soon procured him such a situation as had been suggested for him, in the north of Scotland. 'And thenceforth,' said Sir Walter, 'I lost sight of my friend—let us hope he made out his *carrière* at Aberdeen, and is now warping his head where the fine old cadie wished to see him.'

A physician at Boston on Tuesday last gave one of his patients a dose of brown paper and threw the medicine into the fire. He did not discover his mistake until the sick man began to recover from his illness.

THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

HINTS ON MAKING PORK, DERIVED FROM EXPERIENCE.

MR. TUCKER—I have heard some farmers say, only give them hogs and corn, and they could make pork. This is true, perhaps, but two individuals with hogs and corn of the same quality and goodness, one will make the fattening of pork a profitable business, while with the other it will be a losing concern. This is owing to their different management; and as all farmers love to have some profit from their labor, I have arranged a few hints for the farmer, which you can dispose of as you please.

In the first place be careful *to select a good breed of hogs for your farm.* There is more difference in breeds of swine than most farmers seem to imagine, or I am very certain the long nosed, long shanked, forever restless animals that we so frequently see, would by common consent be banished from our farms and our pens. It is not saying too much, that one thirs or the feed required for a given quantity of pork is saved when fed to the China or Berkshire swine, or a cross of these breeds, rather than the squalling skeletons that disgrace the very name of hogs.

Do not delay fattening your pork till cold weather. All animals take on fat much more readily in a proper temperature; and with the hog, this should be warm rather than otherwise. The greatest care will not make a hog as comfortable in January as in October, and the fattening will be in the same proportion.

Let your hogs be fed as quiet as possible. Some farmers adopt a mode of feeding, by which what is gained in eating, is mostly lost in travelling. Their peas or corn are fed to them from the field, some half or three quarters of a mile from the house; and the trough and pen to which they come for the wash of the kitchen or the refuse of the diary being at the latter place, this distance must be travelled over some four or six times a day by the animal to get his meals. This course may make healthy hogs, but it is not the best to use to make fat ones.

Do not fear that cleanliness will injure your hogs. To be kept in good health while fattening, hogs should be permitted to come to the ground, or a substitute provided; but the idea that to make a hog fatten he must be permitted daily to case over his carcase in mire is absurd. Give him in his pen daily a handful of weeds or vegetables with their roots, or when these cannot be had, a supply of fine charcoal with a little flour of sulphur once a week, and you need not fear keeping his external skin clean and sleek.

Never feed a hog on unground corn or uncooked food. Farmers diminish their profits more perhaps by a neglect of this rule, than any other. Grain fed to animals whole, is much of it lost to the purposes of nutrition; the process of mastication renders but a small part of it sufficiently fine for the juices of the stomach to act upon advantageously. The more effectually hard grain can be pulverized the better; and when divided in this way as much as possible, cooking or boiling should be added to render the whole as digestible as possible. Allow me to ask the farmer, who sneers at the idea of making his corn into pudding for his hogs, what his family would say were he to order a quart of meal and a little water to be dealt out to them, instead of allowing the conversion into sensible and nutritious food by boiling. Our effort in attending animals should be, to relieve nature from all unnecessary labor, and this is most effectually done by grinding or cooking.

Feed hogs at a time no more than they will eat. We are apt to consider swine as not very particular in matters of taste: but a well fed porker is occasionally very fastidious in his food, and nothing at such times disgusts a swine sooner than to have his trough too coonly replenished. They should have enough at all times, however, and *enough* in fattening pork means just as much as the hogs will eat.

Reserve your best and sweetest food for the last. If you use, as most farmers do—and without it making pork would be a dead loss to the farmer, at the prices corn and other grain has borne for some years past—apples or potatoes for cooking hogs, let them be given for the purpose of ripening them forward, and the filling up and finishing of the process be done with the corn or peas they are to receive. Apples will make as sweet pork as any feed in the world, but neither these or potatoes will give pork the hardness and consistency of that made from ripening corn; and of course where any of this is to be fed it should be reserved to the time when its good effects will be most sensibly felt.

Experience has convinced me, that by following these few and simple directions, more pork, and of a much better quality, can be made from a given amount of [illegible] than by any other mode of feeding that I have ever practised or seen practised by others.

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S. W. STOCKTON, Boston.

New York, October 8, 1836. [illegible]

sep 16-72—tc

William Neal & Co.

MANUFACTURERS of Cast Steel Springs, No. 46 North Fifth street, (back of the Mansion House) Philadelphia, respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have constantly on hand a large assortment of Steel Springs, such as Coach, Gig, Dearborn, Sulky, Chair, Trunk, Shutter, Bed, Hoop, Corset, Fan, Umbrella, Parasol, Watch, Clock, Jack, Mill, Cotton Gin, Saw, Card, Comb, Hook, Spring Steel, Cast Steel, Blister Steel, Shear Steel, Tire Steel, Sleigh Shoe Steel, Plough Steel, Harrow Steel, Cultivator Steel, Sad Iron Steel, Bar Steel, Hoop Steel, Scroll Steel, Rivet Steel, Screw Steel, Nail Rod Steel